

EVERY-DAY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE LIFE OF JESUS.

With Pictures by the Masters

AND

ORIGINAL STORIES.

BY

MRS. E. C. WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "NEW-TESTAMENT PARABLES."

PART I.

NINTH EDITION.

BOSTON:

ARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

1903.

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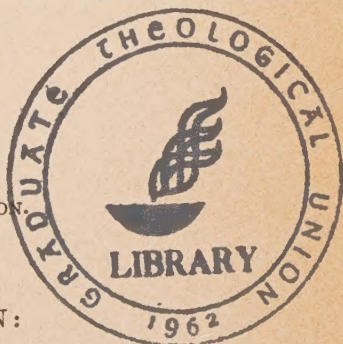
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*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward
men. — Luke ii. 14.*

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PREFACE.

THE lessons of this little Manual have been prepared with the object of throwing around children a strong influence for right acting, thinking, and feeling in "Every-Day Life."

The events of the life of Jesus and the beliefs of the Jews have been used simply as a foundation for this moral teaching. Morals cannot be effectively taught in the abstract.

Each chapter has in it enough material for two lessons. Following such questions as the child cannot himself easily find answers to, are short replies for him to learn, — that is, in substance, but not by rote. A brief explanation is sometimes given in order to make this answer clearer.

The author earnestly begs the teacher to carry out the suggestions made in the lessons, even if this necessitates giving more than two lessons to the chapter. Do not hasten. Anything can be hurried better than a Sunday-school lesson. In the first lesson, make great effort, if necessary, to have a few extra pictures of the Madonna and child for the children to examine, that they may express their opinions about them, and choose their "favorite." These extra pictures will double the impression of the lesson.*

Place much stress on the Scripture texts and stanzas of poetry. Try to give the child the feeling and spirit of them. Show appreciation of them yourself and of poets and poetry in general. Few young children realize that a real man or

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woman has written what they read. Your pupils will be exceedingly interested in any little account which will make the author of the stanzas seem a person who is real and alive.

Do not be satisfied, in your teaching, to have the children "learn the lesson perfectly." Be sure that they go from you with something they know how to put right into their own lives. Let them see that truth is truth now in *their* life the same as it was eighteen hundred years ago in the life of Jesus.

The author would not bewail her fate if the little ones using her book should forget all the facts taught in it; but she would feel sorrowful in the highest degree if she could not hope that they might get from it some little inspiration to good and true living. Facts are easily forgotten, and even when remembered affect action but little; impressions remain, and are the unconscious but real guiding motives of life.

E. C. W.

QUINCY, December, 1886.

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EVERY-DAY LIFE.

I.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

HAVE you ever seen many pictures somewhat like this one of a mother with her child? Do you know if there *are* many of them?

Yes, there are very, very many of them painted by different artists.

Do they represent any particular mother and child?

They are all painted to represent the Infant Jesus and his mother.

What are they called?

They are called the Madonna and Child.

Madonna is the Italian word for "My Lady," and in these pictures means always Mary the mother of Jesus.

Let us try to understand how there came to be so many of these pictures. You remember that, after Jesus died, his apostles went abroad into all parts of the earth and taught the people about him and his teachings. At first these early Christians worshipped wherever they could find a place, — in caves, in halls, in open fields, or in the houses of the worshippers. Three hundred years after Jesus died the ruler of great Rome gave up his worship of idols and false gods and became a Christian. The religion of Jesus spread very rapidly after that; nearly all Europe learned

of Jesus and grew to love him. Very, very dear to them Jesus became; he was just as dear and just as real although he had long ago gone to the heaven he had taught them about and was no more among them on the earth. After a while they actually came to believe that Jesus was God himself, and worshipped him. They even worshipped Mary his mother, and called her the Mother of God.

When the ruler of Rome and other rich and powerful people became Christians, were they willing to worship in caves and fields and halls?

No indeed; from this time churches, and very handsome ones too, were built very rapidly wherever the name of Jesus was known.

A great passion arose among the people to have their churches as magnificent and grand as possible. This passion gave the men of that long ago a great education in architecture; that is, building. The very greatest sights which travellers to the Old World go to see are these grand churches and the fine paintings and statues in them.

What kind of paintings are those in these grand churches?

They are nearly all Bible pictures.

You can easily believe that no picture was a more favorite one to paint than that of the Infant Jesus in the arms of his mother.

Did any one know how the Infant Jesus and his mother really looked?

No; each artist had to imagine that for himself.

They all tried to paint an infant face and a mother face divine enough to represent the beloved God-child and his mother. Almost every great artist from that time till the present has delighted to paint his idea of the most beautiful mother and child. You can see now why we have so many of these pictures.

Who painted this picture of the Madonna and Child ?

Raphael, a very great painter who lived more than three hundred years ago.

Who are the persons with the Madonna ?

The one on the right is Saint Barbara ; the other one is Pope Sixtus.

Nearly all the Madonnas have names by which to distinguish them. What is this one called ?

It is called the Sistine (Sixtine) Madonna, from Pope Sixtus.

Always notice these Madonnas when you see them ; they are generally beautiful. I believe it is very much from the love and worship given to the Infant Jesus that sprang the great love and reverence for all infants ; and from the admiration and love given to these pictures, came first the great love we have for all pictures of babyhood. Raphael painted, perhaps, more pictures of infant and child faces than any other painter. I wish you to have some of this great love and reverence for babies and liking for pictures of them, and will make our next lesson a talk entirely upon babyhood.

Have you a baby in your home ?

If so, you have one of the most beautiful things God has ever made. Many people have said that a bright, happy baby is the most beautiful thing on earth.

Why is a baby so much more beautiful than a soft-eyed, frolicsome lamb or a playful, frisky kitten ?

Because Baby has a soul which shines through all its beauty and gracefulness.

Notice Baby's bright eye, clear and earnest, as it gazes into ours. See how gleefully the little arms are stretched to us.

Baby's eyes are beautiful; Baby's laughing and cooing is the sweetest of music; yet we feel the presence of a beauty greater even than Baby's eyes and Baby's voice.

What is this greater beauty whose presence we feel all through Baby's grace and loveliness?

It is Baby's soul reaching out, trying to meet ours.

Babies take more pleasure in children than in grown persons. So be sure when a sweet baby soul meets yours, that you let it meet the brightest and gentlest there is in you. Our life has often been likened to a book, — blank at birth, but at the close of our life written full of the records of the events and thoughts and deeds which have come to us. What sad, sad books must some lives be; what grand and sweet ones, others! Never take any sweetness from the first pages of Baby's book. You cannot make an unlovely record on Baby's book without making an unlovely one like it on your own.

What part of us is it that we use to see with? To hear with? To smell with? To taste with? To run and walk with? Now, what part of us is it that loves and thinks?

This part of us which loves and thinks we call our soul.

We cannot see our soul as we see our ears and eyes and feet. This part of us which loves and thinks, and which we cannot see, is the part of us which we believe will live on and on, always and forever, and keep on loving and thinking long after our body is all worn out and dead. We cannot believe our soul will ever wear out or die. Loving and thinking only make our soul the stronger to love and think the more.

Do not our pet animals that we love so much have souls?

Most people think that dumb animals do not have souls; but we cannot know.

Most animals care for their young. Many become fond of

human beings. We do not know what this seeming love is ; we sometimes call it instinct. It seems like a little beginning of love and thinking, just as are Baby's first love and thought, only it does not grow into more love and thinking as Baby's does. How it thrills us, — the earnest look in Baby's face as he tries to know about us and about the big world he has got into ! This sweet little morsel of love and longing is the dawning of a human soul. We believe it will never stop growing in love and wisdom.

If you drop an acorn into rich moist earth, what happens ? When the tiny green shoot pushes its wee head out of its bed of earth, what does it need to help it grow into a grand, noble oak-tree ?

It needs air and light and dampness, — a chance to grow into the thing it was meant to be.

What does little Baby need in order to grow into a wise, loving, noble man or woman ?

He needs love and wisdom all about him, and, like the baby oak, a chance to grow into what God meant him to be.

One of our poets has said,

“An honest man's the noblest work of God ;”

and we believe it is true, if the man be wise and loving as well as honest. Remembering what God means Baby to be, we must indeed show him always the gentlest and truest that is in us.

Do all babies grow into honest and good men or women ? Why not ?

All babies do not have a chance to grow rightly.

All babies do not have love and wisdom about them. If you have Adelaide Proctor's poems, or can get them anywhere, read, if you are old enough, her sad little poem, “God's Gifts.” But after you have read it try to believe

that sometime, if not in this world, then after it, but all in His own time, the good God will give all His children a chance to grow into what He meant them to be.

Now that we know the beautiful thing Baby is meant sometime to be, does that make him any more beautiful now that he is a baby ?

Yes, that is his principal beauty, for one part of beauty is the promise that is in it.

John Ruskin, who perhaps knows more, and studies and thinks and talks and writes more, about beauty than any one else ever has, says that the idea in a beautiful object is one of the first things to consider when we think of its beauty. Truly, then, we may well say that a baby is at least one of the most beautiful things on earth. In himself he is beautiful ; the idea in him is the " noblest work of God."

Read now this little story about a baby. It is meant to teach you something. Read it carefully, and see if you can discover what it is meant to teach.

JOSIE'S BABY SISTER.

LITTLE JOSIE PAYNE'S home was not a pleasant one ; and he needed, too, an especially bright home, for Josie was ill, and had to spend all his time in bed. Josie's father had got into a way of drinking strong drink. It will spoil any home for the father to do that. At last he had lost his work on account of it. Then people began calling him " drunkard," and that made him worse. Of course Josie's mother felt sad, and so she lost her cheerfulness. Ri, Josie's big sister, was angry with her father for making their home unhappy, and was out-and-out cross about it ; though she was always kind

and gentle to Josie, for she and Josie loved each other dearly. Josie was fretful on account of his suffering, and he quarrelled with Teddy instead of having good times with him. So you can see why Josie's home was not a pleasant one.

One day a tiny, helpless baby came into Josie's home. Mr. Payne was not a bit pleased. He grumbled, and said it was one more mouth to feed, and that rich people were the ones that ought to have children. But this Baby Grace had a work to do, and she began doing it from the very beginning. From the first she was good ; that is a great deal in a baby. It gives everybody a chance to see all its winning little ways and all its sweetness. Sick little Josie was the first to find out what a delightful blessing had come among them. He kept discovering things about her, — how blue her eyes were ! how pink and fat her tiny toes and dimpled fists ! He must have her on his bed nearly all the time. It was he who taught her to “bye-bye” with her rosy little right hand, and to say “mum-mum” for mamma. Then — wonder of wonders ! — he taught her to call “H'lo !” very loud to papa when he came in. After that papa could n't help getting fond of her. Before that, he had begun to notice her cunning ways a good deal ; but now he fairly “'dopted” her, as Josie said.

When papa “'dopted” Baby Grace, it was the beginning of going back to happy home times. Baby Grace was queen. Baby must have a carriage, — a good one. Baby must have fine clothes. As to that, they all ought to have better clothing. Father began to see this after Baby Grace had got everybody to feeling cheerful again ; and he began to wish, and he kept up a wishing all the time ; and most of all he wished he had n't lost his place. Then he began to think. After thinking awhile he went back to the man he used to

work for, and they had a long talk ; and it ended in his having back his old place to work in. He never told, but we suspect he promised not to drink any more horrible whiskey or rum. Perhaps he signed the pledge. At all events, when he came home joy and delight shone right out of his face. He snatched up Baby Grace, tossed her high, and laughed merrily : " Ha, ha ! we 're all right again, and you are the little angel that has done it."

Home happiness was sure of itself right then and there in Josie's home ; and though Josie was always an invalid, he grew to be a bright and happy boy.

Now, boys and girls, what does the story of Baby Grace and Josie teach us ?

First give Baby a chance to grow beautiful, then she will help make home and us beautiful.

Read this little poem. Perhaps you will learn it, or each of you learn one verse. Mr. Whittier wrote it for mothers. But babies and small children " look up " to older brothers and sisters and playmates " with heart and mind and soul awake," to learn whatever of good or ill they see in them.

See to it, dear children, that they learn from you only good and true things.

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake ;
Teach me of Thy ways, O Father !
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise Thee
Wheresoe'er they go.

Let Thy holy counsel lead me;
Let Thy light before me shine;
That they may not stumble over
Word or deed of mine.

Draw me hand in hand to Jesus,
For his word's sake unforgot, —
“Let the little ones come to me,
And forbid them not.”

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That the little ones may see
It is good and pleasant service,
To be taught of Thee.

II.

THE NATIVITY.

WHEN we speak of our native land, what do we mean?

We mean the land of our birth.

What does nativity mean?

Nativity means birth.

When we say the Nativity, what birth do we mean?

We mean the birth of Jesus.

Read these three verses about the Nativity. They are from the second chapter of Luke.

1. And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

3. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David).

Now read the verse under the picture.

Having read the story of Jesus' birth, take a good long look at this very life-like picture of it. All around the city of Bethlehem were pleasant green fields where the shepherds tended their flocks. They were called the Shepherds' Fields. See, some of the shepherds have come in to look at the child that was born in a stable.

Like the Madonna and Child, the picture of the Nativity has always been a favorite one for artists to paint.

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in
a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. — I who??



Can artists paint the Nativity exactly as it really happened?

No; all pictures of Jesus' life must be painted from the imagination helped by what is known of the life of Palestine as it is now.

Some artists like to make the picture of the Nativity beautiful and even grand, without much regard to its probable truth. The artist who made this picture has tried to make it as nearly true as possible. I think he should have put more people and more animals into the stable; for the inn would probably be overflowing at the time of taxing, and more people than Joseph and Mary would be obliged to lodge in the stable. At least, the rest of Joseph's own family should be with him.

If we were to go to Bethlehem now, could we see the spot where Jesus was born?

No one knows the exact spot where Jesus was born.

Every bit of the city of Bethlehem as it was in Jesus' time has crumbled to dust and has mingled with the soil of the earth. The Bethlehem of to-day, with its Shepherds' Fields lying all about it, is probably something like the Bethlehem of old, but it is not the same Bethlehem. There is a solemn, grand church in Bethlehem called the Church of the Nativity. The people there will tell you this church is over the exact spot where Jesus was born. They like to believe so, but they cannot prove it is really the spot.

Now, let us see if you can answer a few questions from this short story of Jesus' birth.

What was the name of Jesus' father? What was his mother's name? Where did Joseph and Mary live? (4th verse.) Was Jesus born at the home of his parents in Nazareth? In what city was he born? (4th verse.) How did

Joseph and Mary happen to be in Bethlehem when Jesus was born? Did they have a very long journey in coming from Nazareth to Bethlehem to be taxed?

Yes; it was about four or five days' journey.

Look on the map and find Nazareth and Bethlehem and see what a long way it was, — about eighty miles. They probably made the whole journey on foot, — Joseph and his entire family. Perhaps Mary rode on the ass.

Who was this Cæsar Augustus who decreed that "all the world should be taxed"?

He was the Emperor of Rome.

Look on the map once more and find out as nearly as you can where Rome is.

Yes; away off there on her seven hills, in boot-shaped Italy, in great pomp and glory, sat proud Rome, the Mistress of the World. Cæsar Augustus lived here, and ruled the many countries the Romans had conquered with their mighty armies. There were so many of these conquered countries that Luke calls them "all the world." Little Palestine, Jesus' land, was one of these conquered countries. That is why the Emperor of Rome could order persons to go to their "own city to be taxed."

Are the people in our country taxed? Are they obliged to take long journeys to pay their taxes? Are the people of our country willing to pay taxes?

Yes, indeed; for it is the people themselves who order the taxes.

What becomes of all the money our people pay in taxes?

It all goes to pay the expenses of our country, and the many blessings which the people of our land enjoy.

It pays our rulers. It pays for the many fine buildings owned by the country, or the state, or the city. It pays the

soldiers when an army is needed to protect us from our enemies. Some of it is spent to keep our harbors and rivers in a good condition so that vessels may come and go in safety. Some of it is used to give us the great privilege of sending our letters anywhere in all our big land for only two cents. Yes, our people pay their taxes gladly, for it all comes back to them in blessings.

Did the people of Palestine pay their taxes gladly?

No; they hated to pay taxes to Rome.

Why did they hate to pay taxes to Rome?

Because the money went to Cæsar Augustus, to make him and his rich proud city richer and prouder still. Cæsar did allow the governors of Palestine to spend some of the money in benefits to Palestine. Still the people did not like to pay taxes to him. No nation likes to pay taxes to a conqueror. Every nation likes to be free; and the Jews in Palestine were always grumbling about the taxes.

Was this the only yearly tax they had to pay?

No; they met the tax-gatherer at almost every turn in their daily life.

The tax-gatherers were called publicans, and were hated and despised by every one. They were regarded as the meanest class of people in the land.

Why was Bethlehem Joseph's own city?

Because Bethlehem was the "city of David," and Joseph was "of the house and lineage of David." (4th verse.)

Who was David?

David was one of the greatest and most beloved of the kings of Israel in the long ago when they were free.

David ruled Israel about a thousand years before Jesus lived. He was the shepherd lad who slew the giant Goliath with a little stone from his sling. Would you not like to

read the story of it? It is very interesting indeed. You will find it in the Old Testament in the seventeenth chapter of First Samuel. You can begin at the third verse and so get rid of those big words. Perhaps when you have read that chapter you will want to keep on reading and know about the rest of David's life. You will read how, from being a shepherd boy, he came to be the king, and was called the Shepherd King. David is also called the Sweet Singer of Israel, because he is said to have written many of the Psalms, and to have sung and played upon his harp. Find the Psalms in the Old Testament and look them over a little and see how beautiful they are. Perhaps you will learn one of them. Every one should know the twenty-third Psalm by heart. If David wrote that one he must have been thinking of his youthful shepherd life when he wrote it.

So you see that even before Jesus was born in it Bethlehem had some little honor in being the "city of David."

Is it surprising, with so many people going to Bethlehem to be taxed, that "there was no room in the inn," so that Joseph and Mary had to seek a lodging in the stable?

No; it is not surprising, and it was not at all unusual for people to lodge in the stable. •

Many of the peasants, in their own home, stabled their cattle under the same roof with themselves, only separated from them by a board partition.

Was the Infant Jesus one whit the worse off for being born in a stable?

No indeed; the manger filled with soft sweet hay was a nice bed for him, all "wrapped in his swaddling clothes."

He and his mother could be almost as comfortable there as in their own home. Homes were not as comfortable then as they are now.

Do we celebrate Jesus' birthday? What do we call it? What is the date of Christmas? Was Jesus' birth really on the 25th of December?

We do not know the month or the day of the month when Jesus was born.

It was not a custom of the Jews to celebrate birthdays or care much for birthplaces. It was not until several hundred years after Jesus' birth that Christians began to celebrate his birthday. They had very merry festive times at this season of the year, so they celebrated his birth in the midst of these festivities without knowing at all when his birth really happened. Little by little, Christmas, the birth festival of Jesus, has come to be the most joyous of all our festivals or holidays. We have our Thanksgiving time, with its family gatherings and harvest feasts, and we love it. We have our Easter, comforting our hearts with the faith that we shall all live again in another world, and we love that too. We have our Fourth of July, filling the air with powder and noise, and our hearts with great love for our country. Dear to us are all the joyous seasons; but gladdest and merriest of all, I think you will agree, is this merry, merry Christmas, — this gift-bestowing season, this season full of "peace on earth and good-will toward men."

The New Testament tells us a little more about the birth of Jesus. I hope you will read it. Find the second chapter of Luke and begin at the seventh verse, — it is the one under our picture, — and read through the twentieth. Then read the second chapter of Matthew. Do not be afraid of so much reading. These stories are very beautiful and very interesting; you ought to know them by heart. Over and over again at Christmas we love to sing the story of the Wise Men and the Angels' song,

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!”

Enjoy this merry birth-festival all you can, boys and girls. Bestow your gifts and shed joy and sunshine all around you. And more than all else fill your hearts full enough of the spirit of Christmas, full enough of “peace and good-will” to last you the whole year through, till the blessed festival shall return once more.

Read this little story and answer this question :—

DID BERRY HAVE A CHRISTMAS?

His whole name was Carberry, — Carberry Morse. He had no brothers and sisters to enjoy his Christmases and other good times with him; but his Christmases were quite merry for all that. Every Christmas since he could remember he had had a pretty little Christmas-tree loaded with things all for himself. But at last a year came when he had a very different Christmas. His father was going away on New Year's Day to be gone a long time. Berry and his mother were going to stay with Berry's Aunt Sadie. Aunt Sadie had a merry, laughing, good-natured family of six romping boys and girls. Berry and his father and mother went just before Christmas in order to have the Christmas festivities with Aunt Sadie and her family. Berry was petted royally; they had not seen him since he was a baby. He hung up his stocking with the other children, and in the morning found it overflowing with delights. In the forenoon he had a jingling sleighride behind his uncle's prancing span of horses. Then followed a festive dinner and the most magnificent and brilliant Christmas-tree Berry had ever seen. It was just loaded and surrounded with presents; a good plump share of them were for Berry, too.

And now, after telling you all this, I shall tell you that Berry really didn't have any Christmas at all that year. Of course the day came and went, but truly it was no real Christmas for him. I can imagine you opening your wondering eyes at that. But a merry sleighride and fine presents are not Christmas. I will tell you the rest of the story, and you will agree with me.

When Berry ran into the nursery in the morning, the first thing he did was—to notice how brimming full of pretty things his own stocking was? Not a bit of it. It was the other stockings his eye rested on. He knew the other stockings were fuller than his, and had better things in them, too. He knew the fruit and sweetmeats were—he didn't know exactly how, but somehow—better than his. The more he looked at the stockings the more he was sure of it, and he could n't be happy. His ride was half spoiled by his unhappiness; so was his dinner. When the Christmas-tree came it was worse than all the rest. The very things he had picked out on the tree for the ones he wanted, Santa Claus passed over to the cousins. His eyes were ever so keen to discover beauty when they rested on his cousins' things, but were blind when he looked at his own. At last he could not stand it at all, being so very miserable and seeing his cousins so happy. He put his face on his mother's knee and cried,—actually cried! When they asked him what was the matter, he said he wanted to go home.

“Why do you want to go home?” asked his mother.

“At home I have all the things!” sobbed Berry.

Berry's father and mother looked at each other amazed. His father said sternly: “Take away every one of his things. It is easy to see we have spoiled our boy by loving him too much.”

“Oh, no,” said his mother, “we have not loved him too much, but we have not loved him wisely.”

Now, can you see why Berry had no real Christmas?

The real Christmas is the joy and peace and good-will in our hearts. I think we could have a real Christmas without having presents, but not possibly without the joy and peace and good-will. Remember this when Christmas comes, and have your heart full of Christmas; then you will have a real Christmas.

I am glad to tell you that living a whole year with his cousins taught Berry all this and taught Berry's mother to love him wisely, and his next was like his cousins', — a “merry, merry Christmas.”

Read these Christmas lines of grand old Martin Luther. You will learn more of Martin Luther when you are older, but from these lines you will get an idea of the joyous, singing man that he was. Perhaps you will learn the verses.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song, —

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son has given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.



EN NASIRAH — NAZARETH.



*And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom
and the grace of God was upon him. — Luke ii. 40.*

III.

HOME.

WHERE was Jesus' home?

In Nazareth.

Where is Nazareth?

Up among the hills of Galilee, about half-way between the Mediterranean Sea and the Sea of Galilee.

Find Nazareth on the map. Now look at the picture of Nazareth on the opposite page. One of those hill-tops in Galilee, instead of rising up into a peak, is hollowed out into a sort of basin or valley about a mile long and half a mile wide. Nazareth nestles in this hollow. It has hills higher than itself on three sides of it; the fourth side slopes down to the plain below. Somewhere among the white shining houses of this Nazareth was Jesus' home.

Was the house in which Jesus lived like the house in this picture?

Probably it was something like this one.

This is a picture of one of the Eastern houses as they are now. The dim-lighted room below is the living-room. It is used for cooking, eating, sleeping; Joseph would do his carpenter work in this room. In warm, pleasant weather these people of simple ways and habits love to live and work and even to sleep in the open air; on that account the upstairs room is the favorite one. You see no upstairs room? Do you not know that the flat roof is a room? This roof-room is the most charming room of the house. In the

streets of towns, where the houses are near together, the neighbors often go up and down the street on the roofs of the houses and visit one another. Some of the wealthy house-owners have a guest-chamber, an "upper room," built on one end of the roof, opening out upon it.

How is the roof of this house made?

It is made of boughs woven together, fastened from beam to beam, and then covered over with earth.

What is the man in the picture doing on the roof?

He is rolling the earth down hard so that the roof will not leak.

Perhaps rain has softened the earth-roof; or perhaps some one has opened the roof to let something down into the room below, and now it must be made solid again.

These two pictures give us some little idea of how the outside of Jesus' home might possibly have looked. Let us try to get an idea of the inside, — the real home.

Did Jesus have any brothers and sisters?

Yes, he had several.

How do we know that Jesus had brothers and sisters?

We only know it from what the people said when they were astonished at his wisdom.

At one time Jesus had been speaking parables to the people.

And when he was come into his own country, he taught them in their synagogue, insomuch that they were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works?

Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas?

And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things? — MATT. xiii. 54-56.

Is not this very, very little to know of Jesus' home and family? And yet it is almost every bit the Bible tells us;

all the rest we must imagine. The houses and homes and ways and customs of the people in the Holy Land now, give us, we think, a somewhat true picture of the homes as they were in Jesus' time; for those who have travelled in Palestine and studied about the country tell us that things there have changed very little in all these years.

We love to think of this Nazareth home because in it grew and blossomed the purest and sweetest and strongest life that has ever been lived. This home was the cradle of our Christian Religion.

Who will repeat the verse under the pictures? Can we judge anything from this verse whether Jesus' home was a good home?

From this verse we cannot help thinking that Jesus' home, whatever was the outward form of it, was a good home, — a home full of love and helpfulness and the fear of God.

Read these two lines from one of our songs, —

“The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home.”

Do you know the rest of this beautiful song? Did you ever hear it sung? Do you not believe that Jesus' home was the dearest spot on earth to him? Is your home the dearest spot on earth to you? Would it be if your home were a very, very poor and simple one?

“Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.”

Love of home is one of the strongest loves of the human heart. No matter how simple our home is, if love and helpfulness are in it, home is the dearest spot on earth. If love and helpfulness are not in it, we will not call it “home;” we will call it simply a place to live in. Home is too

dear a word for a place without love in it. Some one has said that Mother, Home, and Heaven are the three most beautiful and most loved words in the English language. Mother it is who makes our home, and Heaven is but our home hereafter.

Why is home so dear to us? Why is your home so dear to you?

It just is. We do not stop to think why.

But we *will* think a little why. We know that all the love and helpfulness and wisdom in this one spot are ours, — ours to call upon always when we need them, for it is *our home*. If we are ill, we lie right down in this spot, not asking leave or wondering if we may. We have care and nursing and love, and all without question or price. If we have joy or gladness in our hearts, or if we have sorrow, we take it home. And then that wonderful miracle happens, — the joy or gladness, as we share it with the home hearts, grows bigger, but the sorrow grows less. Why, surely we love home just because it *is* home. And isn't it a lovely thing, that when we first come into this big, wide world, tiny helpless infants, we are born right into a home, — ours from the very beginning? Take the baby to any other spot on earth and the people there will immediately begin to discuss about him and ask, "What shall we do with this baby?" At home, there is never a doubt. Home is Baby's own. He stays, and love gives him the daintiest corner. By and by he will furnish his share of love and helpfulness. By and by, did I say? It isn't fair to Baby to say that either; for doesn't Baby stir up love in every home heart from the very beginning? And as to helpfulness, Baby is a whole flood of sweet sunshine; and truly, sunshine is helpful. Home! It is a heart-thrilling word! Especially should it be so to children. Home is the place where children may grow in the sunshine

of love and blossom into true men and women, just as flowers grow and bloom in the sunshine of a garden. Ah! little ones, thank the good God for your home, and be sure you furnish your share of the love and helpfulness which shall make it the dearest spot on earth.

Sometimes, not thinking much about it, we do not realize how dear our home is to us. Read this story of a little boy who got into a way of believing his playmate's home was better than his own.

WALDO'S HOME AND GEORGIE'S HOME.

"SCARLET fever! Oh, doctor, don't say Bessie has scarlet fever!"

But it was true. Bessie did have scarlet fever.

"You must send Waldo away," said the doctor. "We don't want him to have it too."

"Where can I send him?" asked Mrs. Graves in despair.

"I will take him home with me," said Mrs. Crane, kindly.

Mrs. Crane was a friend of Mrs. Graves and happened to be calling at her house. "He and Georgie have such good times together, he'll never be homesick a bit."

"Oh, mamma! do let me go and stay with Georgie. Please do!" put in Waldo, excitedly.

A good many thoughts came into Mrs. Graves's mind when Waldo said that. Her friend was rich and her home was elegant and beautiful. Little Georgie had almost everything he wanted that money could buy, and Waldo complained continually because he did not have everything Georgie had, and was always wondering why he could n't. Indeed, he had even come to believe he was quite injured because his home was not so fine as Georgie's. Now, Mrs. Graves knew her boy well enough to be sure he would never be contented

away from home. Still, it would be a great help to her to have him go, and it might make him find out how much he loved his own home.

Waldo started off in high glee, and Georgie was beside himself with joy at having Waldo "come to stay." The two boys had fine sport until the shadows began to fall. Then Waldo wondered what they were all doing at home. That was the beginning. You could hardly believe how fast Waldo got homesick after that. He could n't eat any supper at all. Georgie's beautiful home looked hateful to him, — not half so nice as *his* home. He told Mrs. Crane he was n't a bit afraid of scarlet fever; that he knew he could n't sleep in that house, it was too big. He was going home and should catch the fever and *have* it. Then he could *stay* at home. But Georgie's mother, although she was very kind to her little guest, insisted on his staying till morning; so he cried himself to sleep and stayed. The next morning Mrs. Crane noticed that Waldo's face was much flushed, and she sent quietly for the doctor. When he came, she was trying to get Waldo to eat a little breakfast.

"And won't he?" asked the doctor.

"I want to go home!" sobbed Waldo.

"Give me a shawl to wrap around him," said the doctor, quietly, "and I will take him home."

"Truly?" asked Waldo in amazement; "are you truly going to let me go home and catch the fever?"

"You've got the fever already," said the doctor.

"Got it!" exclaimed Waldo; "then that's what makes me feel so. I knew I would n't be homesick! Oh, I'm so glad! Take me home quick! I must n't be worse here."

Waldo did get worse, but he was worse *at home*. When they put him to bed, the very last words he said before he

became so sick that he did not know any one or what was going on, were : " Oh, mamma, I didn't know this place was so nice and that *you* were so nice. I would rather live here sick than over to Georgie's all well."

Waldo was ill a long time ; but he never forgot the lesson he learned at Georgie's. One day he said to his mother : " Mamma, I wonder why I used to think Georgie's home was nicer than ours ?"

" Perhaps you wore spectacles," laughed his mother.

" I thought spectacles made people see *better*," said Waldo.

" Yes, when they fit ; but spectacles of envy never fit."

" What kind do fit ?" asked Waldo.

" Spectacles of love are one kind that fit," answered his mother.

" Oh !" and then, after a long pause, " that 's the kind I 'm wearing now, I guess."

And Waldo never took off his " spectacles of love."

If you think your home is n't the dearest spot on earth to you, go away somewhere for a time, — not for a visit, to go home when you please, but go somewhere where you know you can't possibly get home. Then I think you would feel somewhat as Waldo did. If you would n't, why, then — either your home is n't the kind of home we've been learning about, or else you are not the kind of a boy or girl I hope you are. A lady wrote this stanza of poetry. I hope you will all learn it and believe it : —

Nor need we power or splendor,
Wide hall or lordly dome ;
The good, the true, the tender, —
These form the wealth of home.

IV.

CHILDHOOD.

DID Jesus go to a school like this one in the picture ?

Probably Jesus went to a school like this one.

The schools, when there were any, were held in the synagogue. A synagogue is simply a Jewish meeting-house. You will learn more of these synagogues by and by. The man who had the care of the synagogue taught the school. Sometimes he read Scripture from the desk, too.

What are these boys learning ?

They are learning the Jewish Law, or perhaps a Psalm.

Jewish Law ! That sounds very hard, does it not ? And it is hard, too, you may well believe ; for not only are the things themselves hard, but they are written in a different language from the one the boys speak. Take the Bible in your hand and turn over the leaves of the Old Testament. How many there are ! Well, the wish that the parents and teachers of these boys have is, that they shall learn by heart just as much of this huge book as is possible.

What do they call the Old Testament ?

The Scripture.

Do the boys study nothing but the Scripture ?

Nothing else.

Do they not study arithmetic ?

It was enough if they could count.

Do they not learn geography ?

They did not care for any geography but that of their own land.



And you remember that Palestine, their land, was very small, — not so large as Massachusetts.

Did they not learn any history?

All the history worth knowing was the history of their own nation; and that is in their Scripture.

You will see, from all this, that the Jews thought a great deal about themselves and their own belongings.

And so indeed they did. It was the principal belief of their religion that God loved the Jews, and *only* the Jews.

And ye shall be holy unto me; for I the Lord am holy, and have severed you from other people that ye should be mine. — **LEV. xx. 26.**

So said their sacred Scripture, and so they firmly believed, and were proud and satisfied with themselves on account of it. They did not care for any people but those of their own nation. All others they despised; they called them unbelievers and infidels, and regarded them as unclean.

And did Jewish boys really learn a great deal of this Old Testament?

Yes; because they learned it out of school as well as in school.

Read once more what their sacred Scripture says: —

And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and upon thy gates. — **DEUT. vi. 6-10.**

And did the Jewish parents keep these commands?

Yes, faithfully.

Pious parents dinned the Law constantly into the ears of their children. Parts of the Law were written upon parchment, enclosed in a case, and worn as "frontlets," like the frontlet in the picture. The Law was worn also upon the arm as an amulet, and was fastened to the door-posts.

Who wore these frontlets and amulets?

Pharisees and other very pious Jews wore them all the time, others only during prayers; boys might wear them when they had come to the age of thirteen years and a day.

The Jews believed they had magic in them to charm away diseases and other evils, and to keep the wearer in good luck.

What have the boys in their hands?

Tablets of soft wax.

A portion of Scripture is written upon them with a stick. When it is learned, the wax is smoothed down and another lesson written.

See the rolls in the window and beside the teacher. Those are their books, — long parchments, with the Scripture written upon them, and rolled up at one or both ends on sticks.

Do the boys have these Scripture rolls in their homes?

Many rich persons had the whole Scripture; in humble homes, just one small roll was a treasure.

Do you imagine the master was strict with the boys?

Yes, very strict.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," their wise Solomon had told them; and it is said that the Jews bring up their children in great strictness. However, hearts are much the

same in all places and at all times ; and I think it is safe to believe that much tenderness and indulgence were mixed with the severity of teachers and parents, and that on the whole the little Jewish children were happy and full of play, as children are everywhere.

Was this Scripture all the education of Jewish boys ?

No ; every boy learned a trade.

The Jews had a saying, that not to teach a boy a trade was to teach him highway robbery. Can you understand that saying ? All, rich and poor, learned a trade.

What trade did Jesus learn ?

Jesus was a carpenter, like his father. (Mark vi. 3.)

Now, can you make any picture in your mind of the boy Jesus, and the life he led in school and out of school and at home ?

It seems almost impossible, it was so very, very long ago, and so very, very far away, and the people were so very, very different ! Yet, let us try a little. Look back at the picture of the house in the last lesson. The boy wakens bright and early, rolls up the blanket that made his bed on the floor, and puts it on the shelf against the wall. Perhaps he slept on the house-top, if the night was warm and clear. How lovely to go to sleep with the big starlit sky above one, and to awake and find one's self right out in the fresh morning air ! No trouble of dressing ; these simple-mannered people wear the same clothing day and night. Looking southward toward Jerusalem, the Holy City, the boy offers up his morning prayer. If the next house is near enough, he will take a peep to see if his neighbors are awake, before he takes up his bed and scampers down the stairs. Mary is preparing

the simple breakfast, — out of doors, perhaps. Joseph is there too, with his carpenter's bench and tools ; the rest of the family, also. Perhaps the boy runs to the well for water. After that he will watch his father at work, or work with him, till the morning meal is ready. Then the family gather about the low table, which is nothing but a tray on a stool. They lie around the table on rugs, leaning on the left elbow. Grace is said. A bowl is passed around, in which every one washes his hands. Each takes his piece of bread and dips it in the dish of soup-like food in the middle of the table. What a simple meal ! The dish is washed and set upon the shelf beside the blankets, and the meal is over.

Now we will pick out one of the boys in this school and imagine him to be the boy Jesus. Read the verse under the picture. We must choose an earnest-looking boy, else the verse could not be true about him. I think the man who made the picture meant that thoughtful boy in the centre for Jesus.

Perhaps after school is done he will go to the market-place to play, or to see the buying and selling in the stalls ; or he may climb up those hills and look down on the houses of Nazareth, white and glistening in the sun. From one of them he could see the blue waters of the Mediterranean at Akka, twenty-four miles away. Look at the map and find Akka. While you are studying the map, look on the other side at the Sea of Galilee. Jesus could get a tiny glimpse of that also. It must have been a great treat, and a rare one, if ever the boys of quiet Nazareth got over there on a fishing excursion.

We wish we knew more of the childhood of this Jesus of Nazareth, who "increased in wisdom, and in favor with God and man." What were his thoughts as his young eyes gazed upon the hills of his dear native land, called the

Holy Land because his nation lived in it? What were his thoughts as he learned the hard lessons from the Law? Did he love these lessons, and try to find a meaning in them? Did he love to work, and did he love to play? We cannot know. We can only say to ourselves, "His soul must have been true and brave and sweet. In his work and play he must have tried to 'fear God and keep his commandments.'" As he conned over the ten commandments, we feel sure he tried not to break them. As his lips repeated his lesson, —

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might,

we are sure he did love the great Jehovah of his nation. As he learned the glowing Jehovah-praising psalms, we cannot help feeling that we may be perfectly sure he got them into his heart as well as on his lips.

Ah, little boys and girls, if you only knew what a glorious time is this childhood you are living! If you only knew that now you are shaping the man or woman you are one day to be, if you live! If you could only be made to know this, then how surely you would be brave and true and faithful and kind always! And how surely you would then "increase in wisdom, and in favor with God and man"! Play heartily, but work heartily too. Be happy and merry and sunny-hearted always, but never let anybody nor anything at all make you forget to "abhor that which is evil" and "cleave to that which is good."

It is a great thing to get started right in your life. Your childhood is your start. Make it a start in the right direction. Read this little story, and see what a great difference the starting made.

PEARL, DIAMOND, AND CRYSTAL.

"LET 's fly down to the pretty green earth."

"What a beautiful earth it is, so fresh and clean !"

"That is because so many of us came down last night. Wasn't it fine sport to come rushing down so ? And how clean we made everything !"

It was Crystal, Diamond, and Pearl who were talking. They were three bright, sparkling raindrops, chatting on the leaf of a Maple-tree early one sunshiny morning.

"It was kind of you to stop and make me a visit on your way down," said the Maple-tree. "I don't like to have you leave me so soon ; but if you must go, I am going to give you a little advice."

"Pooh !" said Crystal, impolitely.

"I know you think you don't need it, but I shall give it to you all the same. Perhaps you have n't noticed how I stand just on the top of a little ridge. There is a small, muddy pond on that side ; you cannot see it, but it is there. Almost every drop of water that leaps down on that slope of the ridge gets into that pond and hardly ever gets any farther. But look on the other side. Can you see the gleaming of water off there ? That is a bright, sparkling rivulet. It runs to the great ocean. If you leap down on this side, you are quite sure to get into that rivulet at last, and then you cannot fail to have a happy and useful journey all through your life on the earth ; and that will be pleasant to think of when you get back to your cloud-home in the sky. But you see it is all in getting started on the right side."

"Is n't that lovely to think of, Crystal ?" asked Pearl, twinkling like a star.

But Crystal was gone. She had not stopped to hear the advice. They saw her chattering gayly with some other drops on the grass below. She started down the hill with them toward the mud-pond, and they did not see her again. Pearl and Diamond felt very sad to have Crystal leave them in this sudden and sorrowful fashion; but a light breeze stirred the leaves just then, and bidding Maple-tree good-by, with the help of the breeze they leaped as far as they could toward the shining water in the distance. They crept in and out between the leaves and blades of grass till they got into a tiny spring of flowing water. The little spring bore them delightedly on over grass and pebbles till at last they came into the shining rivulet. What a glorious life they led after that! The clear waters danced laughingly along, and chattered merrily to Pearl and Diamond of the fine sights they would see on their journey to the ocean. They leaped in great glee over the waterfalls belonging to the mills. They paused now and then to please little children who were sailing boats or gathering water-lilies, and clung for a moment to the brown knees of merry little waders. They had a joyful time of it through green fields and orchards and under bridges, till at last they came flowing rapidly into the grand blue ocean, right among the large and small ships and boats. They felt quite frightened.

"Let's ask a sunbeam to take us back to our home again," said Pearl; "two small drops like us can't make any difference to the great ocean."

"Wait," said Diamond, gently. "I wonder if we ought to. If all the drops should go back home, there would n't be any ocean at all."

Before they had time to wonder any more, a bucket came down from a ship's side, drew them with many other drops into the ship, and dashed them over the deck.

"Are you not going to dry it off?" asked a child by the side of the sailor who did it.

"No ; the sun will take care of that," was the answer.

Pearl and Diamond were delighted at that, for they knew well enough how their dear old friend the Sun would manage it. Sure enough ! Telling them to cling tightly to one of his hot beams, he drew them rapidly up to their beloved cloud-home. How pleased they looked down upon the green earth beneath them as they sailed once more above it ! It was as the Maple-tree had said ; they remembered their life on the earth with great pleasure.

"I'm sure we did our little share toward making it beautiful down there," said Pearl, softly.

"Yes, indeed," answered Diamond ; "and it was because we got started right."

Then they fell a-wondering what had become of poor Crystal. But they could not know.

DEAR little children, like Pearl and Diamond get started right. Get started on the unselfish, honest, right side of life. To be sure there's always a chance to begin over ; but it is hard work, "beginning over." Besides, you are always happier on the right, bright side.

Read this stanza which Oliver Wendell Holmes has written. It makes us think the same thoughts that the story does : —

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee, —
One to long darkness and frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea.

Read these verses about childhood. They will help you. Which one do you like best? Perhaps you will learn that one. Be sure your heart learns it as well as your lips.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. — PROV. xxii. 6.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. — MARK x. 14.

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. — 1 JOHN, iii. 18.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. — ECCLES. xii. 1.

Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord. — COL. iii. 20.

V.

JERUSALEM AND THE TEMPLE.

How much does the Bible tell us of the life of Jesus from the time he was an infant until he grew to manhood?

It tells us but one short story of him.

What is the story about?

It is the story of a journey he took to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover, when he was twelve years old.

Look at this beautiful picture of the journey. Jesus and his parents have just come in sight of the beloved city.

Where is Jerusalem?

Find it on the map. See the two highways from Nazareth to Jerusalem, both going right through the country of the hated Samaritans. We cannot tell which road Jesus and his parents took, — probably the shorter one passing by Jacob's well.

No words can possibly make you know how dear to the Jews was Jerusalem, their beloved Golden City. They longed for Jerusalem when they were far from her, and their hearts beat high with pride and delight when they found themselves within her walls treading her narrow streets.

Why did the Jews so love Jerusalem?

Because the Temple was in Jerusalem.

On three hills Jerusalem was built. On one of these hills, more lofty, more splendid than you can imagine, rose the huge, majestic Temple, grand, magnificent, glorious! Of white gleaming marble it was built, and it sparkled all over



*When he had finished with them, they went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the
feast. — Luke ii. 42.*

with gold and silver spikes. The shining of the great brass gate could be seen for miles. This huge, white, gold-bespangled Temple, glistening on its mountain throne, burst upon the view of the weary Jew long before he reached the Holy City, and cheered him on with a lighter heart and a lighter step.

And what was this Temple, that every Jewish heart thrilled at the mention of it, or at the name of Jerusalem, the Temple City?

This Temple was the dwelling-place of Jehovah!

Think of it, children! The Jews had learned to know that God is a spirit, yet they believed that he actually dwelt in this "Temple made with hands." The "throne of the Lord," they called Jerusalem, and took great joy in the thought of its being so high that Jehovah could look forth upon all their land.

What is the name of the hill on which the Temple was built?

Mount Moriah.

What other celebrated and beloved hill was in Jerusalem?

Mount Zion. It might almost be called a part of Mount Moriah.

Why was Mount Zion beloved?

Because the Jews used to worship on Mount Zion before the Temple was built.

Zion, or the City of Zion, is one of the favorite names of Jerusalem.

Who first built the Temple?

King Solomon; he was the son of King David.

So the Temple is often called Solomon's Temple. Jerusalem, even more than Bethlehem, is called the City of David; for although David was born in Bethlehem, it was King David who chose this city to be the great city of the Jews.

He was the first king who lived there, and it was he who set up the worship of Jehovah in it.

Yes, the Jews loved this Holy City. For a thousand years it had been the Holy City of their nation, the dwelling-place of their Jehovah. Wherever they might be, they looked toward Jerusalem when they offered their prayers. Every synagogue, no matter how far away, had its seats arranged so that the worshippers would sit looking toward Jerusalem. Everything at Jerusalem was "holy." The people never wearied of singing or reading or talking of the Holy Hill, the Holy House, and all the holy places of the Holy City.

Now you must learn a little what the Temple was like. A wide court or yard went entirely around the Holy House. Into this court everybody might come, even those who were not Jews; it was called the Court of the Gentiles. Up nine flights of steps, on an immense platform, was the Holy House itself. Any foreigner coming up here might be punished with death.

The first court in the Holy House was the Court of the Women, and no woman might ever go any farther than this court; it was here that the Temple services for worship were held. Next came the Court of Israel, where only *men* could go; then there were multitudes of inner rooms or courts, into which no one might go but the priests. You see the Holy House kept getting holier and holier as you got toward the centre of it.

What was the most inner room of all called?

The Holy of holies.

And who might go into the Holy of holies?

Only the High Priest, and he only once a year in his holiest and most magnificent robes.

And what did this High Priest see in this dark, silent, solemn inner room ?

Not one thing ! It was perfectly empty !

Yet, who did they believe was in it ?

God.

And why did the High Priest not see God ?

Because God is a spirit, and cannot be seen.

Is not this a strange, strange way to think of God ? Let us stop for a moment and see in what ways this people of Jesus' nation thought rightly about God, and in what ways they were wrong.

They were right in thinking of God as a spirit ; they were wrong in thinking that he dwelt in any particular place. God is everywhere.

They were right in believing God loved them and cared for them ; they were wrong in believing he loved *only* them. God loves and cares for all his children.

They were right in thinking God is pleased with the love and worship of his children ; they were wrong in thinking God cares for grand and magnificent things. It is heart-love and heart-worship he likes, and a true, unselfish life. You will learn more about this in the next lesson, when you hear about the Feast of the Passover.

For the story to-day I shall tell you of

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE.

THE little shepherd lad David had got to the throne. He was king over his whole nation. He was a powerful king too, and a beloved one. Like most kings of that time, he was having great wars with the nations around him. His enemies held this strong city on three hills, and David made up his mind he would take it from them. He

camped his army round about it. Then the people within the city laughed scornfully at him. They put their lame and blind on the walls by way of boasting, saying that even their lame and blind could keep out David's army. This only made the king angry. He called to his men, telling them that the first who should scale the wall and kill one of the enemy should be chief of his army. You may be sure that after that David and his men took the city in spite of the boasting. David turned out all the people from it, and kept the city for the Israelites. He made the walls of the city very strong, and built himself a palace, and lived there. Then the king wished to have the ark brought up to Mount Zion, so that his people would come up to his city to worship God. This ark held the two tablets upon which God had written the ten commandments for them. The Israelites always carried it with them, and worshipped before it. So David sent a great throng of people to bring the ark up to Mount Zion, and they placed it in a tent or tabernacle, and after that Zion became the great worshipping-place of the nation, as David wished. But King David was not satisfied. He felt that it could not be pleasing to God that he should dwell in a grand palace while God's ark rested only in a curtained tabernacle ; and he had a mind to build a temple to God. He talked to Nathan, one of his prophets, about it, and the Lord appeared to Nathan that very night, telling him that he was glad David had thought of building him a house, since no other king had ever proposed doing such a thing for him. But he told Nathan to tell David that he could not allow *him* to do it, on account of his being defiled by the shedding of so much blood in his wars. He promised David that he should have a long reign of forty years, and overcome his enemies, and that he should have a son Solomon who should be king after

him, and that he should build the Temple. David was pleased with this promise, and during his reign he gathered together cedar-trees and great stones for the building; "For," said he, "my son Solomon will be young, and it will be a great help to him to have these things ready." In his last years his only thought was of aiding his son in building the Temple. He counted the strangers in his land; there were one hundred and eighty thousand. Of these he made eighty thousand hewers of stone, and all the rest he appointed to carry the stones. He also prepared great quantities of iron and brass and cedar-trees.

Then King David, old and ready to die, called his son Solomon to him and charged him to build the Temple speedily. He also charged his people to help their young king; and all the people promised. Telling his son to be righteous toward his people and religious toward God and he should surely prosper, David died, and Solomon was king. Solomon was wise and good. He is called the wisest man of all the Jewish nation.

Solomon began to build the Temple when he had been king four years; and so much heart did he and his people put into the work, that in only seven years the great, magnificent building was finished. It was made in parts, and carried to the place and fitted together, so that the Temple rose without any sound of axe or hammer being heard within it.

The story tells us that when the Temple was done, Solomon made gold and silver and brass vessels for it to the number of a full million! He made thousands of garments for the priests and singers, two hundred thousand trumpets, and forty thousand other musical instruments. "And Solomon made all these things," says the story, "for the honour of God."

Then Solomon sent word to all the people of his kingdom to come up to Jerusalem and see the Temple of God, and to carry the Ark into it. In the midst of great feasting and rejoicing and burning of incense the Ark was placed before the entrance to the Holy of holies.

King Solomon fell on his face and worshipped God for a long time ; then he made an humble prayer to God, and a speech to his people urging them to be always righteous. And the story goes on : " When all these solemnities were abundantly satisfied, and nothing was omitted that concerned the divine worship, the king dismissed them ; and every one went to their own homes, giving thanks to the king for the care he had taken for them, and praying God to preserve Solomon to be their king for a long time. They also took their journey home with rejoicing and making merry, and singing hymns to God ; and, indeed, the pleasure they enjoyed took away the sense of the pains they all underwent in their journey home."

Thus, say the Jewish accounts, happened the building of the Temple nearly three thousand years ago, — a thousand years before Jesus lived ; and for all those years Jerusalem, their Temple City, had been holy to the Jews.

" Zion " is the one joyous theme ever coming uppermost in the Psalms and Prophecies of the Old Testament. Read just a few of the words of these Jewish singers and prophets. They will give you an idea of the place Jerusalem held in the hearts of the Jews.

From the place of his habitation, he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth. — Ps. xxxiii. 14.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined. — Ps. l. 2.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth and forever. — Ps. cxxv. 2.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. — Ps. lxxxvii. 2.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. — Ps. cxxxvii. 5, 6.

Let them all be confounded and turned back who hate Zion. — Ps. cxxix. 5.

And at one time, after the Jews had been long captive in a strange land, and had got back once more to their beloved city, the prophet Isaiah triumphantly sings, —

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion ; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city : for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. — Isa. lii. 1.

VI.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem ; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey ; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

And when they saw him, they were amazed : and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us ? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me ? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them : but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man. — LUKE ii. 41-52.



All that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. — Luke ii. 47.

VERY, very much we should prize this story, — this one and only story of Jesus' childhood. There is just enough in it to show us that the pure life and grandly true teachings of his manhood were growing all through his childhood ; that already when but twelve years old he had got himself well set in the direction of being the Jesus of Nazareth who gave the world a new and beautiful religion, — our Christian religion.

What a very beautiful picture of Jesus in the Temple this artist has given us ! Look well at it ; then read the story with great care and see if you can answer all these questions about it.

How often did Jesus' parents go to Jerusalem to the feast of the Passover ? Did the boy Jesus go with them every year, or was this his first visit to the Holy City ?

We cannot know. Perhaps he had been every time since he was old enough to go ; perhaps not.

How old was he at the time of this journey ? What does "fulfilled the days" mean ?

It means, — stayed till the feast was over.

How long did the feast last ?

Seven days.

A whole week in the wonderful excitement of Jerusalem ! How Jesus must have looked and listened and kept up a great thinking ! Jerusalem and the splendid Temple were in their very greatest glory in Jesus' time. Just before he was born, Herod — the wicked Roman Herod, whom the Jews hated so much — had, in spite of their hatred, caused the Temple to be made more magnificent than it had ever been before, even in Solomon's day. At one time he had one hundred and eighty thousand men at work upon it all at once !

What happened when the company started for home ?

(verse 43.) Who was the "company" in which they supposed Jesus to be?

"Their kinsfolk and acquaintance" and all the rest who came from their part of the country.

They would all travel together in one great company. Jesus could, in this one journey, learn the geography of nearly half his little native land.

How far did Joseph and Mary go before they missed Jesus? How long did they search before they found him? Where was he? What was he doing? Who were the "doctors"?

Simply the learned men.

What do you suppose it was about that he was "both hearing them and asking them questions"?

We may be almost sure it was about the Feast of the Passover which had just been celebrated. Perhaps also about the Scripture which he learned at home.

Did the Jews have many festivals?

They had three principal ones, and this Passover was the chief of them all.

The Jewish nation had celebrated this festival much longer even than the Temple had been built.

How did the Jews celebrate the Feast of the Passover?

They had a grand service every morning in the Temple, and at sunset families or small groups of friends ate a Passover lamb together.

A service was held in the Temple every day of the year. On these festival occasions and on Sabbaths it was made very solemn and grand indeed. Of course all the vast congregation standing in the people's court, at the time of the Passover, could not see the altar with its gold and silver dishes and candlesticks, nor the priests as, in their gorgeous robes, they offered up the lamb on the altar. But they knew what

was going on. They could tell by the great silver trumpets. When all was ready, the trumpets gave the signal and the vast multitude of people fell flat on the ground with their arms outstretched. In solemn stillness every heart was supposed to offer up a silent prayer to Jehovah. The account of the long-ago first Passover was recited. Then the lamb "without blemish," the best that could be found, was laid upon the altar and the fire lighted. As the smoke rose to Jehovah the people sang psalms and the musicians played their instruments. At every pause, three blasts of the silver trumpets caused the people to fall upon their faces as at first. Thus with the offering of the lamb, amid recitation and singing of psalms and deep bowings down, was celebrated this feast.

After this service was over the people walked about the streets looking, and gossiping, and bargaining. During the day they must buy their lamb for the sunset feast and take it to the priest to be examined and slain. The blood and the fat were carefully saved and burnt to Jehovah on the Temple altar. In some guest chamber or tent or some spot on the hillside the little companies met for their feast. They waited for the sunset signal of the trumpets from Temple Hill; then the feast began. The story of the first Passover was again recited and psalms were sung. Now, as in the Temple service, every little boy who had learned his wax tablets well was proud and happy to let his voice be heard with those of the older people.

Did those who could not go to Jerusalem take any part in the festival?

Yes; they sent people to represent them and to carry their gifts to the altar.

When the corn, grapes, dates, olives, figs, and all the harvests were growing, their owners selected a portion of the

very best and set it apart as first-fruits to offer to Jehovah. When it came time to start for Jerusalem, men were selected to represent these owners and to carry up these first-fruits to be offered to Jehovah on the Temple altar. The representatives met the night before starting in order to set out early in the morning. As soon as day dawned the leader called : "Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God !"

And the men answered : "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

With their offerings in wicker baskets, and gold and silver vessels, they marched in procession to the Holy City, chanting and reciting psalms. Would you like to know which psalms they chanted ? There are too many of them to put here, but be sure you look over some of these psalms. Psalm cxxii. is one of them, and the ten or twelve which come after it. Read Psalm cxxxvi., and see how every verse ends with the same joyous, triumphant strain.

When they arrived at the foot of the Temple mount, priests came down the steep hillside to meet them, and, still singing psalms, they bore their offerings to Jehovah's house.

So was celebrated this joyous Feast of the Passover. A happy picture it is, too, — this picture of a whole nation wending its way to its Holy City with pride and triumph and thanksgiving in their hearts. And this year the boy Jesus, is one of them. The joy and praise and thanksgiving in their hearts was true worship ; but, alas ! there is a sad, sad side to this picture, too.

Their thanksgiving was that they were God's chosen and only loved people. Their joy was for that, too. Their worship was the offering to Jehovah the blood and fat of millions of slain lambs, and bowings down, and multitudes and multitudes of forms, and recited prayers.

Oh, you strange, strange Jews! You could find out that God is a spirit, and yet you could believe that he lives in your earthly house. Why could you not know that God loveth *all* His children? Why could you not know that “*ye* are the temple of the living God,” that “if we love one another, God dwelleth in us,” and that “the kingdom of God is within you”? Why could you not understand that “the righteous Lord loveth righteousness”?

One little lad there is bowing down with your vast multitude in your Temple, watching the smoke rise from the altar, and lifting up his young voice to swell your mighty chorus, — one little lad there is among you who one day shall lift up his voice on your hills, by your waters, in your synagogues, and even in this very Temple, to tell you these things. But you will not believe him; you will not believe this Jesus of Nazareth; you will scorn his gentle life and teachings, and you will crucify him! But his words shall live, and shall give the earth a sweet, grand faith, although you will not take it.

Ah, little boys and girls, it is a strong, true mind that can see the right when everybody is doing the wrong; that can see the true when every one is doing the untrue. But this Jesus has begun even now at the age of twelve dimly to see the true in the midst of the false, the right through all the wrong that is around him.

Can you tell what a compass is? How does its needle always point, turn it whichever way you will?

So does a strong, true mind always keep itself toward the right. No matter what others around you think and do, boys and girls, do you be true to yourself. All great men and women have been great for that one thing, — they were true to what they themselves thought and felt. Suppose Jesus had said: “Oh, it is all right enough! Everybody

believes and worships like this." Then we should never have heard of Jesus of Nazareth; never have had his pure words to help us, nor his pure life to live by.

I want you to hear the story of Martin Luther. Jesus set religion all right for us, gave it to us true and pure; but after a time men got it all wrong again. Then arose Martin Luther, — a man who thought a true thing in spite of all the world around him thinking untrue things.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Is there a Roman Catholic church near your house? Nearly four hundred years ago all the Christian churches everywhere were Roman Catholic churches. They were Roman Catholic because at Rome lived a man whom they called the Pope, and he was the head of the whole Christian Church. Of course Jesus was the real head, but this Pope was the head on earth. Christians believed this Pope could not do or say anything wrong, and that to disobey him was like disobeying God. Now, there were splendid churches all over Europe, but this Pope wanted one more, — a very grand one in his own city of Rome. And he got it, too. It is St. Peter's Church. Perhaps you have heard of it. And how do you suppose the Pope got the money to build this church? He sent his priests all over Europe selling — now, what do you guess? You never could guess, and you'll hardly believe it when I tell you. Papers with God's forgiveness of sins on them, and a promise that those who bought them should go to heaven! And that was not all. "Have you a father or mother or dear friend who has died," asked these priests, "and you are afraid they haven't gone to heaven? Well, you just drop some money in this contribution box to help build God this church, and the moment the

money tinkles in the box, the soul of your dear friend will fly right up to God in heaven ! ”

Think of it, dear children, — selling God’s forgiveness ! Selling heaven, — and for money ! So much as this had men changed the sweet, pure teachings of Jesus.

How the trusting people flocked with their pennies and shillings ! That was a cheap and easy way to win forgiveness and heaven ! Everybody wanted heaven at that price, and you can see what an enormous amount of money the Pope got for his church.

But one priest in Germany began to think, — began to think right in the midst of these unthinking Roman Catholics. When one strong, true man begins to think, then, false ideas and wicked ones, you had better look out for yourselves ! Look out, you wicked Pope ! Martin Luther is thinking. “ What ! ” he exclaimed to himself, his face hot with indignation, — “ what ! God will forgive my sins for copper pennies ! Our Father — ‘ our Father who art in heaven ’ — will keep my dear, dead, sainted mother out of heaven till I fling Him a shilling ! ”

Martin Luther began writing and talking as well as thinking. How like fire the words came from his mouth ! He could not talk fast enough nor earnest enough to tell the people his burning thoughts. How his printed words flew all over Germany !

Do you think it was no bold thing for Martin Luther to set himself up against the mighty Pope’s plans ? Then let me tell you this : if any man in those days dared say a word against the Pope or the Pope’s doings, and would n’t take it back, why then the Pope got him to Rome as promptly as possible, and after that — there generally was no “ after that.” That was the end. The Pope had plenty of prisons in Rome, and, moreover, he had plenty of ways of making

bold unbelievers lose their heads. "Hush!" said some of Luther's friends, "don't trouble yourself so much about such a trifle. Everybody is satisfied, and you'll get yourself into hot water."

Trifle! Martin Luther preached and wrote with more fire than ever. "There is need of it," thought he, "if they call such a matter a trifle."

But Rome was far away, and at first the Pope did n't believe any one would dare to do and say the things he heard of this man. "Pooh!" said he; "it's only a drunken priest! When he is sober he will take it all back." Martin Luther drunk! The Pope did n't know Martin Luther. He found him out, though. But it was too late to get hold of him. He never got hold of him. Once the Pope's priests thought they were going to get him. But a bird in the bush is n't a bird in the hand. Martin's friends were on the lookout. Some of them dressed themselves up as highway robbers and captured Luther and carried him off to a big castle and dressed him up as a squire. He grew a beard — priests never wear beards, you know — and called himself Squire George. He lived here a long time, and only a few of his friends knew where he was. All the time he was here he was writing, writing, writing, — writing his stinging words to send all over Germany. At last he left the castle; and after that he preached and wrote all his life. And he is the founder, the beginner, of the Protestant Church — the church that is n't Roman Catholic, — *our* church. Martin Luther's name is one of the greatest and most honored in all history; and all because he was himself. Suppose he had smothered his thoughts and kept quiet, and had done as "everybody" did? Be sure and answer that.

Be yourself. Think for yourself. Don't rely on "everybody." "Everybody" generally thinks as everybody else

does. Suppose Jesus had put aside all his sweet and beautiful thoughts and followed on with "everybody"? Be sure and answer that, too. Always know why you do a thing or believe a thing. You'll give up doing and thinking many things if you ask yourself *why* you are doing or thinking them. Be true to the light that is in you. Some have a great light. Let them do great things. Most of us have little lights. Let us follow them and do little things, but true ones. Our light will grow.

Here is a verse well worth your learning. The great poet Shakspeare wrote it :—

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

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